

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry.* By Allan Cunningham, Author of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London 1822. Taylor & Hessey.

THESE Volumes can hardly as yet be said to have issued from the press, though we thus early report them to the public. On their author we need offer no remarks, as we had so recently an opportunity of mentioning him with just applause in our review of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*. His talents have since that period received a higher meed from the pen of the author of *Waverley*, with whom we cordially agree that Allan Cunningham is "a credit to Caledonia;" and that is no mean praise, when we look on the brightness of her literary galaxy.

The *Traditional Tales*, founded on popular legends orally transmitted, set the talents of the writer higher, we think, than any of his former productions, except some of his native lyrics. Every one of them displays a genius for the class to which they belong: several unalloyed by the slightest blemish, and others only rendered less perfect by a mannerism and unchastised force which are the coinage of a vigorous mind prominently, if ruggedly, stamped—and rugged too in consequence of that prominence. Probably, to pursue our metaphor, were the impress made, as it could easily be, more refined, the piece, after the operation, would be deteriorated; and, like the Mint-guinea sweated by a Jew, the smoother the less valuable. But, desiring to quote so largely as to enable our readers to judge for themselves, we shall not continue this inquisition upon Mr. Cunningham's style; if we dislike any thing, it is the occasional introduction of a scriptural phraseology, which, like the *ne deus interit*, ought never to be employed on mean subjects.

The tales are sixteen in number, and founded on historical events, such as the Rebellion, &c. on popular superstitions, and on national feelings and manners. We select one of the *Preternatural* cast, which possesses the further excellence of also developing very pathetically the *Natural*: it is called *The Mother's Dream*, and, like all the others, neatly and characteristically prefaced:—

"Were the Mother's Dream a traditionary fiction, and its predictions unfulfilled, gladness would be diffused around many hearths, and the tears wiped away from many matrons' cheeks. It was related to me by a Dumfriesshire lady: her voice was slow and gentle, and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech. —"

"When woman is young," said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, "she loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men; when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the mi-

\* Many of the Tales have, however, appeared in the *London Magazine*.

series and woes of life, she chooses her walks in more lonely places, and, seeking converse with her spirit, shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a mateless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Ladye's Lowe. It was the heart of summer; the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green; sheep were scattered upon their sides; shepherds sat on their summits; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so light along the surface, were unmoved, save by the course of a pair of wild swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake. This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high, and the waters of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and dipping directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of this causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fire-side traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed narrator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady's voice is heard, and a lady's form is seen, among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewn with dead or dying men. She sees her father, her brother, fall in her defence; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said, a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and pronouncing a curse against it; the waters became agitated, and a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning, the castle of the Ladye's Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the cope-stone. They who attach credence to this wild legend are willing to support it by much curious testimony. They tell, that when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter's ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced; while those who connect tales of

wonder with every remarkable place, say, that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the bosom of the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loop-hole and turret, while on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking. This vision is said to precede, by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this superstition has made the Ladye's Lowe a solitary and a desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher's net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave and say, 'The Ladye's Lowe will have its yearly victim'; and its yearly victim, tradition tells us, it has ever had since the sinking of the tower.

"I had reached the margin of the lake, and sat looking on its wide pure expanse of water. Here and there the remains of an old tree, or a stunted hawthorn, broke and beautified the winding line of its border; while cattle, coming to drink and gaze at their shadows, took away from the solitude of the place. As my eye pursued the sinuous line of the lake, it was arrested by the appearance of a form, which seemed that of a human being, stretched motionless on the margin. I rose, and on going nearer, I saw it was a man; the face cast upon the earth, and the hands spread. I thought death had been there; and while I was waving my hand for a shepherd, who sat on the hill-side, to approach and assist me, I heard a groan, and a low and melancholy cry; and presently he started up, and, seating himself on an old tree-root, rested a cheek on the palm of either hand, and gazed intently on the lake. He was a young man; the remains of health and beauty were still about him; but his locks, once curling and long, which maidens loved to look at, were now matted, and wild, and withered; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his eyes, once the merriest and brightest in the district, shone now with a grey, wild, and unearthly light. As I looked upon this melancholy wreck of youth and strength, the unhappy being put both hands in the lake, and lifting up water in his palms, scattered it in the air; then dipping both hands again, showered the water about his locks like rain. He continued, during this singular employment, to chant some strange and broken words with a wild tone and a faltering tongue.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;  
Misery to them who dip their hands in thee!  
May the wild fowl forsake thy margin,  
The fish leap no more in thy waves;  
May the whirlwind scatter thee utterly,  
And the lightning scorch thee up;  
May the lily bloom no more on thy bosom,  
And the white swan fly from thy floods!

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake;  
The babe unborn shall never bless thee;  
May the flocks that taste of thee perish;  
May the man who bathes in thy flood  
Be cross'd and cursed with unrequited love,  
And go childless down to the grave,  
As I curse thee with my delicious tongue.  
I will mar thee with my unhappy hands!

As this water, cast on the passing wind,  
Shall return to thy bosom no more,  
So shall the light of morning forsake thee,  
And night-darkness devour thee up.  
As that pebble descends into thy deeps,  
And that feather floats on thy waves,  
So shall the good and the holy curse thee,  
And the madman mar thee with dust.

Cursed may'st thou continue, for my sake,  
For the sake of those thou hast slain;  
For the father who mourn'd for his son,  
For the mother who wail'd for her child.  
I heard the voice of sorrow on thy banks,  
And a mother mourning by thy waters;  
I saw her stretch her white hands over thee,  
And weep for her fair-hair'd son!

"The sound of the song rolled low and melancholy over the surface of the lake. I never heard a sound so dismal. During the third verse, the singer took up water in the hollow of his hand, and threw it on the wind. Then he threw a pebble and a feather into the lake; and, gathering up the dust among the margin stones, strewed it over the surface of the water. When he concluded his wild verses, he uttered a loud cry, and throwing himself suddenly on his face, spread out his hands, and lay, and quivered, and moaned like one in mortal agony.

"A young woman, in widow's weeds, and with a face still deeper in woe than her mourning dress, now came towards me, along the border of the lake. She had the face and the form of one whom I knew in my youth, the companion of my teens, and the life and love of all who had hearts worth a woman's wish. She was the grace of the preaching, the joy of the dance, through her native valley, and had the kindest and the gayest heart in the wide holms of Annandale. I rode at her wedding, and a gay woman was I; I danced at her wedding as if sorrow was never to come; and when I went to the kirk, and saw her so fair, and her husband so handsome, I said, in the simplicity of my heart, they will live long and happy on the earth. When I saw him again, he was stretched in his shroud, and she was weeping with an infant son on her knee, beside the coffin of her husband. Such remembrances can never pass away from the heart, and they came thick upon me as the companion of my early years approached. We had been long separated. I had resided in a distant part, till the loss of all I loved brought me back to seek for happiness in my native place, in the dwellings of departed friends, and the haunts of early joys. Something of a smile passed over her face when she saw me, but it darkened suddenly down; we said little for awhile; the histories of our own sorrows were written on our faces; there was no need for speech. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'a kind husband, and three sweet bairns, all gone to the green church-yard! but ye were blest in the departure of your children compared to me. A mother's eye wept over them, a mother's knees nursed them, and a mother's hand did all that a mother's hand could do, till the breath went to

heaven from between their sweet lips: O, woman, woman, ye were blest compared with me!' And she sobbed aloud, and looked upon the lake, which lay clear and untroubled before us. At the sound of her voice the young man raised himself from the ground, gave one wild look at my companion, and uttering a cry, and covering his face with his hands, dropt flat on the earth, and lay mute and without motion.

"See him, see him," said she to me; 'his name is Benjie Spedlands, he was once the sweetest youth in the parish, but now the hand of Heaven is heavy upon him and sore; he is enduring punishment for a season and a time; and heavy as was his trespass, so heavy has been his chastening.' I entreated her to tell me how he had offended, and also how it happened that her appearance gave him such pain, and made him cry and cover his face. 'It is a strange and a mournful story,' she answered, 'but it eases my spirit to relate it. O woman, I was once a merry and a happy creature, with a face as gladsome as the light of day; but for these eight long years I have had nought but cheerless days and joyless nights; sad thoughts and terrible dreams. Sorrow came in a dream to me, but it will not pass from me till I go to the grave.

"It happened during the summer time, after I had lost my husband, that I was very down-spirited and lonesome, and my chief and only consolation was to watch over my fatherless son. He was a sweet child; and on the day he was two years old, when I ought to have been glad, and praised him who had protected the widow and the orphan, I became more than usually melancholy, for evil forebodings kept down my spirits sorely, and caused me to wet the cheeks of my child with tears. You have been a mother, and may have known the tenderness and love which an infant will show her when she is distressed. He hung his little arms round my neck, hid his head in my bosom, and raised up such a murmur and a song of sorrow and sympathy, that I blessed him and smiled, and the bairn smiled, and so we fell asleep. It was about midnight that I dreamed a dream.

"I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun: sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside me; but though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me. I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, arising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker till it filled all the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green fields, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld shapes of men, and heard voices more shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone-cast. I grew sore afraid,

and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot, drawn by six black steeds, issue from the cloud. And I saw a shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of woes to the sons and daughters of men; carry these sorrows abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and said, 'A woe and a woe for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I arose and beheld in the chariot the coffins of seven children; and their names, and their years, were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; and, as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the shadow say, 'Woman, what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy woe and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more.'

"I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke: 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name; do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steeds and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld him no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight; and I awoke weeping, and found my locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful, and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowantree-burn came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it?' And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream, and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say: I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listen to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy Bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to turn the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and say, 'Spirit, by all the salvation contained between the boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.' [We are obliged to omit a scene

here in which other neighbour-advisers take a part; and pass on to the mother's fearful trial of the superstitious experiment which had been recommended to her. She visits the Lady's Lowe, and watches at midnight on the third night after her dream.]

I looked and thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling undulation of the water, which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I know not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brook, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Lady's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the faces of many whom I knew, and heard the curling-stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamour of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me, a child no more, but a strapping tall and fair and graceful, his fair hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly paleness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl sheltering themselves among the reeds; and, stiff with cold, and with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"Years passed on, my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child; and I said, in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, coloured into sadness by my fears; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well as I might. I went with my son to the kirk, I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children of others: wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and so prudent a mother.

"It happened in the seventh year from

my dream, that a great curling bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish; and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December; the winter had been open and green; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned: ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the Lady's Lowe which few people were willing to break; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked on it as a place of evil omen where many might meet, but few would part. All this was withstood by a vain and froward youth, who despised ancient beliefs as idle superstitions—traditional legends as the labour of credulous men; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the bonspiel on the Lady's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish; and not a few among the sedate sort consented to dismiss proverbial fears, and to play their game on these ominous waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following, to sport on so perilous a place; but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsel, crowded the banks of the lake to behold the contest; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling-stones, as I sat at my hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands.

"The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had lain silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet, came and stood beside us. He shed back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking steadfastly in her face, for a moment, said, 'Rachel, dost thou know me?' She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. 'Know me! ay, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me; and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field—it returns, and I fly from the face of man; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name.' 'Young man,' she said, 'I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless; nor shall I scorn thee, for I may not scorn the image of Him above; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to soothe thy smitten conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance.' 'Repentance!' he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start—'of what have I to repent? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom? Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who witlessly brings misfortunes on others; and such mishap was mine. Hearken, and ye shall judge.'

"And he sat down by the side of the lake;

and taking up eight smooth stones in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water; then turning round to us, he said: 'Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said: 'Oh! Benjie, save me—save me; but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep, the fathomless water; and, far below, I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed yearly to perish in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looking in my face, said, 'Oh! Benjie, save me, save me!' And I thought how I had wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the drowned castle; but the fears for my own life were too strong; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and, escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning.'

"Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, and stretched forth her hands over him, and, with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse and to confound him. 'Oh! wretched and contemptible creature,' she said, 'were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust beneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handy works; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent? Depart from my presence—crawl—for thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblessed that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men scorn to count kindred with thee. Thou hast no brother to feel for a brother's shame, no sister to feel for thee a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I behold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou!' From this fearful malediction, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobbings and his moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

"Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desola-



tion of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned by the old, and loathed by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top, which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake, and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning. One winter evening, a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy—the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound—about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water, but he was never more seen nor heard of—his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake, told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe.

The pathos, imagination, and power of this tale require no comment; and having occupied so much of our limits in retracing it, we must take a hasty leave of the author. The poetry of his prose must strike every reader; and we have only to add, that (as in the Mother's Dream) there are poems and ballads of great merit in almost every tale.

*A Translation, in Verse, of the Mottos of the English Nobility and Sixteen Peers of Scotland, in the year 1800.* By Amicus. 8vo. pp. 127. London 1822. R. Triphook.

KYRIE eleison! were this a book of the "annuente kynde," with which Mr. Triphook is so well acquainted, what a puzzler it would be to the Bibliomaniacs! What a hash Dibdin would make of it! Of what tomes of folly, commentary, emendation and conjectural criticism would it be the fertile source! Even now, at the date of its publication (no, not its publication,—for it partakes of a Roxburgh Club excellence, and is only printed (50 copies or so) for private distribution;—an expedient way of producing books which nobody would buy,) it is so delightfully incomprehensible, that it requires not only a knowledge of the personal characters of the Peerage in 1800, but an aptitude for understanding puns good and bad, the gift of proper names as well as of tongues, the intelligence of the Herald's College\*, and about

\* In unison with this and the author's propensity to pun, many of the mottos appeared in the *M. Herald* newspaper in 1801.

fifty other endowments, to be able to appreciate the wit, learning, and information of the facetious author.

Two hundred and seventy-two epigrams on the mottos of so many peers, is no small undertaking; especially as the Bard (a Mr. D\*\*\*\*s, we understand) "professes to give the literal English of each." His *literal English* to be sure is odd enough, and to speak the truth, with the exception of about a score of these versions, there never was anything more periphrastic than the translations,—when they do happen to be translations at all.

To preserve the memory of so scarce a work: to enbalm it, as it were, for the Decameron-makers and Bibliopogists of A.D. 2199, as well as to show the living world how much genius (with its concomitant modesty) shines in secret, we shall transcribe a miscellaneous dozen of these *bijoux*.

DUKE OF BRIDGWATER.—*Sic, donec.*

Of this you cannot have your fill;  
The mere translation's "thus, until:"  
By means of the first half his name,  
And of the second half o' th' same,  
He's built an everlasting fame.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—*Esperance en Dieu.*

"In Providence I put my trust;"  
Who made me, that I might be just;  
I thankful am, and e'er shall be,  
Since he hath ta'en good care of me.

EARL COWPER.—*Tuum est.*

Was ever motto shorter known,  
And more concise? "It is your own!"  
Since that's the case, good mortal elf,  
E'n keep your motto to yourself.

EARL OF POMFRET.—*Hora e sempre.*

"There's always time," or I'm a sinner,  
To take an hour or so at dinner:  
He who requirith less than one,  
Will choke himself before he's done.

EARL BROOKE AND WARWICK.

*Vix ea nostra voco.*

Though "I scarce call these things our own,"  
Whom they belong to is not known:  
Such words that my forefathers took,  
I must, and yet I cannot brook!  
Fetch me a lighted candle, Dick,  
That I may see to them—Warwick.

VISCOUNT HERFORD.—*Basis virtutum constantia.*

"Firm constancy, in ev'ry station,  
Of virtues is the strong foundation:"  
No wonder thus I speak in high counts,  
Being head master of the viscounts!

VISCOUNT LEINSTER, DUKE OF LEINSTER.

*Crom a boo.*

"I burn," but at my own desire;  
"I burn," and yet am not on fire:  
From birth, from nature, 'tis our lot  
To be so peppery, and so hot;  
That we consume not, one in ten,  
By fire; as do most other men.

BARON STOURTON.—*Loyal je serai durant ma vie.*

"My loyalty is firm and fast;  
And shall be, long as life doth last:"  
Beyond that time 'tis hard to answer;  
Some persons may, perhaps!—I can't, sir.

BARON BYRON.—*Crede Byron.*

This motto's pithy, sound, and brief;  
"Give Byron credit and belief:"  
Shall we be call'd then hard as iron,  
If we withhold them from Lord Byron?  
Were it not better first to say  
How he deserves them, ay or nay?  
Before we give to him the merit  
Of what he claims with so much spirit!

BARON AMHERST.—*Victoria concordia crescit.*

If thou wouldst triumph o'er thy foes,  
And thus ensure a long repose;  
Let not dissension play its pranks  
'Mongst officers, or in the ranks:  
'Tis "concord" which doth, in the main,  
"Most victories and battles gain."  
This solid truth was all in all  
To the late Lord of Montreal;  
He had, O Concord! much to thank thee;  
And by thine aid beat many a Yankee.

EARL OF ABOVNE.—*Stant cetera tigno.*

This for a motto strange doth seem;  
"The rest do stand upon a beam:"  
This beam, then, should be rather strong,  
If it supports a numerous throng!  
Whether men, women, dogs, or cats;  
Apes, birds, or monkeys; mice, or rats;  
Or of small creatures, only gnats!  
We have no clew to find out, here,  
What these things on this same beam were;  
And if we do more closely pry,  
We may a mote have in each eye.  
Our predecessors, well we ken,  
Than us were larger, heavier men:  
They would have made a devilish rampus,  
If plac'd in such a narrow compass!

EARL OF BREADALBANE.—*Follow me.*

Let those who like it "follow me,"  
Wherever they occasion see:  
And let all those who 're not inclin'd  
To do the same thing, stay behind.  
I should, indeed, be weak and silly,  
To wish to lead men, "will I will I."

The allusions to coats, supporters, original blazons, family feats, and circumstances of a local nature, which abound in these pages,—the difficulty of explaining the humour, and other causes, constitute the charm of this work, to which we have already directed Bibliomaniac musings. Even now it may be found worthy to become the nucleus of a ten or twenty guinea hot-pressed quarto, with beautiful margins, and splendid engravings. Debrett's New Peerage will furnish much matter in illustration; and, aided by quaint phrases in black letter and other fantastic devices, we will answer for the success of the splendid typographical unity!!!

*The Man of the World's Dictionary.* 12mo. London 1822. J. Appleyard.

A TRANSLATION (though not a good one of the title-page) of the *Dictionnaire des Cens du Monde*; and one of those little pleasant things in which our continental neighbours mix up their fancies and political opinions agreeably to the licence of the French press and the taste of French writers, with whom there is no species of composition at present which does not more or less take the hues of party. The maker of this Dictionary is one of the Liberal class; that is to say, a person inclining to republicanism, disliking courts, hating the aristocracy, abhorring the clergy, detesting the English,\* and worshipping Voltaire.†

\* England. The land of philanthropy, most of whose inhabitants would lay the world in blood, to sell a yard of linen. A country, in which, according to Caraccioli, there is nothing polished but marble, nor any ripe fruit except roasted apples.—*Hanging.* The English have fits of hanging, as other people have of fever. It is but just that a nation, who neither think nor live like the rest of mankind, should die in a way peculiar to themselves.—(Vide this Dictionary.)  
† Voltaire. A statue of bronze. A multitude of insects die in attempting to grow its feet.—Id.



For reading, out of France, consequently, many of the definitions lose their point; some are nonsensical and irreverently flippant,\* and not a few uninteresting beyond the pale of Paris. There are, however, a fair sprinkling of items which display talent, and from such of these as are most generally applicable we select the following as specimens of the work:

**Abridgment.** An excellent method of disfiguring an author's productions.

**Absence** diminishes weak passions, and increases strong ones; as the wind blows out a candle, but nourishes a fire.

**Abuse of Words.** A traveller stopped on his way by a torrent, asks a villager on the opposite bank to shew him the ford—"Go to the right," shouts the countryman. He takes the right, and is drowned. The other runs up, crying "Oh! how unfortunate! I did not tell you to go to your right, but to mine."

**Amateur.** A man, who is neither poet, painter, nor orator; but who, nevertheless, reads verses, judges pictures, and never misses an academic sitting.

**Aniable Man.** One eager to please every company, and ready to sacrifice each individual. He loves no one, is loved by no one, pleases all, and is often despised by every body.

**Attorney.** A cat that settles differences between mice.

**Babbler.** A tiresome person, who tells you all that he thinks, all that he wishes, all that he knows—and, when that fails him, all that he does not know.

**Bashfulness.** An old word. A fourth grace, which gives value to the other three.

**Blow.** The conclusion of a conversation, and the commencement of a duel.

**Circumstances.** The patrimony of the man of genius.

**Confessional.** A curate of Lower Brittany, at the conclusion of his sermon on Palm Sunday, said to his flock, "My brethren, I give you notice that, to avoid confusion, I shall confess the liars on Monday, the covetous on Tuesday, the slanderers on Wednesday, the thieves on Thursday, the libertines on Friday, and the bad women on Saturday." It may be supposed that no one went, and the curate had his wish.

**Conqueror.** One who is always in the right, and has no want of people to prove it.

**Editor of a Newspaper.** A man paid for making the columns of a journal out of the pages of a book. A journalist was once asked, "Are you sure that news is true?" "I believe so," was the answer, "for I myself made it."

**Expectation.** A state of delusion, whatever be the reality which is to follow.

**Fasting.** On the approach of Holy Week, a great lady said to her friend—"We must, however, mortify ourselves a little." "Well," replied the other, "let us make our servants fast."

**Negro.** At an assembly of planters in Jamaica, some one proposed the adoption of favourable measures towards the Negroes.

\* **Paradise.** The abode of Happiness, where the Christians will enjoy for ever the presence of God, the Mahometans will drink wine and embrace hours, and the Scandinavians will drink blood from the skulls of their enemies.—*Breviary.* A book which ecclesiastics always carry with them; but which they willingly change for a Machiavel when they become ministers—or, for a poniard when they become factious.—*Id.*

"What! gentlemen," said one, "do you not know that celebrated Montesquieu, whose genius is respected by all Europe? Have you not heard what he says on the subject—'The men in question are black from the head to the very feet; and their noses are so flat that it is almost impossible to pity them. It cannot for an instant be supposed that God, who is a wise being, would put a soul, much less a good soul, into a body entirely black.' The planter's erudition agreeably surprised the assembly, and they passed to the order of the day."

Raynal, in his eloquent declamations, foretold that there should come a Negro, who would avenge the wrongs done to his fellows. Toussaint Louverture held his book open at that page, shewed it to the Europeans, and said, "I am he."

**Pocket-book.** The memento of him who has a short memory. For instance—a man who frequently went from Paris to Lyons, one day wrote in his pocket-book, "Mem.—Get married as I pass through Nevers."

**Repentance.** A judgment which we pass upon ourselves.

**Ruts.** A deputy said, in 1815, "We must turn the vehicle of the state out of the ruts of the Revolution." It did not occur to him that there are roads where you cannot quit the ruts without falling over a precipice.

**Systems.** Makers of systems may be compared to dancers of minuets; they are in constant motion without advancing a step, and finish by returning to the place from which they set out.

**Visiting-card.** A memorial left by some one who is delighted at not having seen you.

**Whispering.** A custom rather more impertinent than prating.

Et sic omnes.

*Napoleon in Exile, &c.* 2 vols. 8vo.

By Barry O'Meara.

SIR HUDSON LOWE had a very troublesome charge at St. Helena—a charge of deep responsibility and of petty annoyance. It is lamentable to contemplate the squabbles in which he was engaged with Buonaparte; more resembling the disputes between two washerwomen than the contentions of men, and still less of men in the relative situations of the parties. Making every allowance for circumstances, it appears to us that the Governor allowed himself to be sometimes put out of temper when calmness would have better become him, and consequently to have spoken and acted more harshly than cooler reflection could approve. Napoleon was a fallen power, and his miserable intrigues could hardly be productive of danger. After due precautions, therefore, for his safe custody, every concession, even to his caprices, ought to have been made: these would have illustrated the littleness of his mind, unmixed with pity for his Phaeton-like fall; while, on the contrary, we cannot help being sorry at the imposition of insignificant restraints upon one who so recently held the destinies of millions of men in his hands. Sir Hudson Lowe did occasionally make overtures to his prisoner; but the latter bitterly rejected all compromise, and like a spoiled child, would rather injure himself than not be a thorn in the side of his oppressor. To cajole others, and thwart Sir Hudson, made up the genius of his puny policy; and it is pretty evident that he succeeded to a certain extent in both, for he made a complete tool of O'Meara, and diligently fretted the Go-

vernor. As instances of the contemptible means resorted to for this purpose, we may quote the following:

Napoleon said, "The governor came here yesterday to annoy me. He saw me walking in the garden, and in consequence I could not refuse to see him. He wanted to enter into some details with me, about reducing the expenses of the establishment. He had the audacity to tell me that things were as he found them, and that he came up to justify himself: that he had come up two or three times before to do so, but that I was in a bath. I replied, 'No, Sir, I was not in a bath, but I ordered one on purpose not to see you. In endeavouring to justify yourself, you make matters worse.' He said that I did not know him; that if I knew him, I should change my opinion. 'Know you, Sir,' I answered, 'how could I know you? People make themselves known by their actions; by commanding in battles. You have never commanded in battle. You have never commanded any but vagabond Corsican deserters, Piedmontese and Neapolitan brigands. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself, but I never heard of you except as a *serivano* (clerk) to Blücher, or as a commandant of brigands. You have never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honour.' He said, that he had not sought for the employment. I told him, that such employments were not asked for; that they were given by governments to people who had dishonoured themselves. He said, that he only did his duty, and that I ought not to blame him, as he only acted according to his orders. I replied, 'So does the hangman. He acts according to his orders. But when he puts a rope round my neck to finish me, is that a reason that I should like that hangman, because he acts according to his orders. Besides, I do not believe that any government could be so mean as to give such orders as you cause to be executed.' I told him, that if he pleased, he need not send up any thing to eat. That I would go over and dine at the table of the brave officers of the 53d; that I was sure there was not one of them who would not be happy to give a plate at the table to an old soldier. That there was not a soldier in the regiment who had not more heart than he had. That in the iniquitous bill of parliament, they had decreed that I was to be treated as a prisoner, but that he treated me worse than a condemned criminal, or a galley slave, as those were permitted to receive newspapers and printed books, which he deprived me of. I said, 'You have power over my body, but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, fierce, and determined at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe.' I told him that he was a *shirro Siciliano*, and not an Englishman; and desired him not to let me see him again until he came with orders to dispatch me, when he would find all the doors thrown open to admit him.

One could hardly expect much favour from a person so abused, and abused upon such sophistical reasoning, if the ravings of puerile passion deserve that name. On the contrary, Sir Hudson is represented as having, in a conversation with O'Meara,

- - Repeated some of Napoleon's expressions in a very angry manner, and said, 'Did General Bonaparte tell you, sir, that I told him his language was impolite and indecent, and that I would not listen any longer to it?' I said, 'No.' 'Then it

shewed,' observed the governor, 'great littleness on the part of General Bonaparte not to tell you the whole. He had better reflect on his situation, for it is in my power to render him much more uncomfortable than he is. If he continues his abuse, I shall make him feel his situation. He is a prisoner of war, and I have a right to treat him according to his conduct. I'll build him up.' He walked about for a few minutes repeating again some of the observations, which he characterised as ungentleman-like, &c. until he had worked himself into a passion, and said, 'Tell General Bonaparte that he had better take care what he does, as, if he continues his present conduct, I shall be obliged to take measures to increase the restrictions already in force.' After observing that he had been the cause of the loss of the lives of millions of men, and might be again, if he got loose, he concluded by saying, 'I consider Ali Pacha to be a much more respectable scoundrel than Bonaparte.'

But the strongest defence for the Governor's conduct is to be found at page 507, 1st volume, where the following remarkable fact is let out:

"I mentioned (says O'Meara) that the governor had said he wished to have some conversation with Count Bertrand relative to the ride towards Woody Range, and had said that if the Count would give an assurance that certain houses would not be entered, it might be arranged. 'What houses are there?' replied Napoleon, 'Miss Mason's and that of Legge, the carpenter. Is he afraid of Miss Robinson's virtue? *Bêtises*, if I wished to correspond, you well know that I could cause letters to be sent to Europe every day.' !!!

Here is ground for all the restrictions imposed by Sir H. Lowe, and for his treatment of the prisoner. His sacred duty was to conserve the peace of Europe by preventing those agitations which an intercourse between Buonaparte and his partisans was so likely to produce; and we have here his own avowal, that in spite of all the Governor's regulations, he enjoyed the means of daily communication with those from whom his exile was intended to cut him off. Still, however, if O'Meara's testimony can be relied upon, the passionate reciprocation of bad names, of "liar," "lying rascal," "black-hearted villain," "hangman," &c. &c. &c. was equally disgraceful to those who so far forgot what was due to propriety, as to use these Billingsgate expressions.\*

\* A note in vol. II. displays the hatred of Buonaparte against Sir H. Lowe:—"The emperor was so firmly impressed with the idea that an attempt would be made to forcibly intrude on his privacy, that from a short time after the departure of Sir George Cockburn, he always kept four or five pair of loaded pistols, and some swords in his apartments, with which he was determined to dispatch the first who entered against his will."

O'Meara's spite is also shown by a long and tiresome story about Sir Hudson's conduct in Italy in 1807, &c.; and the still more vehement antipathy of another of Buonaparte's adherents is thus stated:

"Immediately after the death of Cipriani, Buonaparte remarked, 'Where is his soul? Gone to Rome, perhaps, to see his wife and child, before it undertakes the long final journey.'

"Some days before his demise, Cipriani told me, that not long after the governor had put into

Perhaps it may be ascribed to the difference of foreign manners, but it is certainly not gratifying to observe from the author's descriptions, that besides great coarseness of language, Buonaparte was often gross in his familiar actions, suiting them to words of the most vulgar stamp. His inoffensive habits were those, of gently slapping the faces or pulling the ears of those with whom he happened to be jocose.

Pursuing our plan in the former parts of this Review, we shall now quote a few of Buonaparte's reported opinions, &c. some of which carry with them characteristic marks of authenticity, while others are as evidently absurd:

"I asked (says O'M.) some questions relative to the freemasons, and his opinions concerning them. 'A set of imbeciles who meet à faire bonne chère, and perform some ridiculous fooleries. However,' said he, 'they do some good actions. They assisted in the revolution, and latterly to diminish the power of the pope, and the influence of the clergy. When the sentiments of a people are against the government, every society has a tendency to do mischief to it.' I then asked if the freemasons on the continent had any connexion with the illuminati. He replied, "No, that is a society altogether different, and in Germany is of a very dangerous nature." I asked if he had not encouraged the freemasons? He said, "Rather so, as they fought against the pope." I then asked if he ever would have permitted the re-establishment of the Jesuits in France? "Never," said he, "it is the most dangerous of societies, and has done more mischief than all the others. Their doctrine is, that their general is the sovereign of sovereigns, and master of the world; that all orders from him, however contrary to the laws, or however wicked, must be obeyed. Every act, however atrocious, committed by them pursuant to orders from their general at Rome, becomes in their eyes meritorious. No, no, I would never have allowed a society to exist in my dominions, under the orders of a foreign general at Rome."

In another conversation he declares his intention to have made Poniatowski king of Poland, had he succeeded in Russia. The

execution his rigorous measures towards the inmates of Longwood, Santini, who was of a merry disposition, had been observed to be much altered, and apparently thoughtful and melancholy. One day he came into Cipriani's room, and avowed his intention of shooting the governor the first time that the latter came to Longwood. Cipriani asked him if he was mad, and endeavoured to dissuade him from the attempt, by using all the arguments in his power. Although Cipriani had much influence over him, Santini was unmoved, and accompanied his declaration with many oaths peculiar to the inferior order of Italians. He had his double-barrelled gun loaded with ball, with which he intended to despatch the governor, and then to finish himself. Cipriani, finding his arguments fruitless, went to Napoleon, to whom he communicated the affair. The emperor immediately sent for, and questioned Santini, who avowed his intentions. Napoleon then commanded him, as his emperor, to drop all thoughts of injuring Sir Hudson Lowe, and succeeded, though not without some reluctance on the part of Santini, in making him abandon his project. Santini was a most determined character, and brave as a lion. Besides being master of the small sword, he had a sure and deadly aim with fire-arms; and there is little doubt, that had it not been for this prohibition, he would have effected his intentions."

following is among the incredibles, though put into the mouth of Napoleon himself:

"When in Paris, after my return from Elba, I found in M. Blacas's private papers, which he left behind when he ran away from the Thuilleries, a letter which had been written in Elba by one of my sister Pauline's chamber-maids, and appeared to have been composed in a moment of anger. Pauline is very handsome and graceful. There was a description of her habits, of her dress, her wardrobe, and of every thing that she liked; of how fond I was of contributing to her happiness; and that I had superintended the furnishing of her *boudoir* myself; what an extraordinary man I was; that one night I had burnt my finger dreadfully, and had merely poured a bottle of ink over it without appearing to regard the pain, and many little *bêtises* true enough perhaps. This letter M. Blacas had got interpolated with horrid stories; in fact, insinuating that I slept with my sister; and in the margin, in the handwriting of the interpolator, was written 'to be printed.'"

"Pichegru," continued Napoleon, "was *répétiteur* at Brienne, and instructed me in mathematics, when I was about ten years old. He possessed considerable knowledge in that science. As a general, Pichegru was a man of no ordinary talent, far superior to Moreau, although he had never done any thing extraordinarily great, as the success of the campaigns in Holland was in a great measure owing to the battle of Fleurus. Pichegru, after he had united himself to the Bourbons, sacrificed the lives of upwards of twenty thousand of his soldiers, by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intentions. He had a dispute once with Kleber, at a time when, instead of marching his army upon Mayence, as he ought to have done, he marched the greatest part of them to another point, where Kleber observed that it would only be necessary to send the *ambulances* with a few men to make a show. At that time it was thought to be imbecility, but afterwards it was discovered to be treachery. One of Pichegru's projects was for Louis to come and join the army under his command, and to cause himself to be proclaimed king. In order to ensure success, he signified to Louis that it was necessary for him to bring a large sum of money; as he said that *Vive le Roi* lay at the bottom of the *gosier*, and that it would require a great quantity of wine to bring it out of the mouth. If Louis had come," continued he, "he would have been shot."

"During the war with you," said he, "all the intelligence I received from England came through the smugglers. They are terrible people, and have courage and ability to do any thing for money. They had at first a part of Dunkerque allotted to them, to which they were restricted; but as they latterly went out of their limits, committed riots, and insulted every body; I ordered Gravelines to be prepared for their reception, where they had a little camp for their accommodation, beyond which they were not permitted to go. At one time there were upwards of five hundred of them in Dunkerque. I had every information I wanted through them. They brought over newspapers and dispatches from the spies that we had in London. They took over spies from France, landed and kept them in their houses for some days, then dispersed

them over the country, and brought them back when wanted. The police had in pay a number of French emigrants, who gave constant information of the actions of the Vendean party, Georges, and others, at the time they were preparing to assassinate me. All their movements were made known. Besides, the police had in pay many English spies, some of high quality, amongst whom there were many ladies. There was one lady in particular of very high rank who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid so high as three thousand pounds in one month. They came over," continued he, "in boats not broader than this bath. It was really astonishing to see them passing your seventy-four gun ships in defiance." I observed, that they were double spies, and that they brought intelligence from France to the British government. "That is very likely," replied Napoleon. "They brought you newspapers; but I believe, that as spies, they did not convey much intelligence to you. They are *genti terribili*, and did great mischief to your government. They took from France annually forty or fifty millions of silks and brandy. They assisted the French prisoners to escape from England. The relations of Frenchmen, prisoners in your country, were accustomed to go to Dunkerque, and to make a bargain with them to bring over a certain prisoner. All that they wanted was the name, age, and a private token, by means of which the prisoner might repose confidence in them. Generally, in a short time afterwards, they effected it; as, for men like them, they had a great deal of honour in their dealings. They offered several times to bring over Louis and the rest of the Bourbons for a sum of money; but they wanted to stipulate, that if they met with any accident, or interruption to their design, they might be allowed to massacre them. This I would not consent to. Besides, I despised the Bourbons too much, and had no fear of them: indeed, at that time, they were no more thought of in France than the Stuarts were in England. They also offered to bring over Dumourier, Sarrazin, and others, whom they thought I hated, but I held them in too much contempt to take any trouble about them."

## BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS.

After a fatiguing day spent among the interesting ruins of Wady Mousa, which he durst not examine minutely on account of the Arab belief that every infidel is in search of buried treasures, Mr. B. arrived on the plain of the tomb of Aaron; but too late and too much exhausted to reach it.

I therefore (says he) hastened to kill the goat, in sight of the tomb, at a spot where I found a number of heaps of stones, placed there in token of as many sacrifices in honour of the saint. While I was in the act of slaying the animal, my guide exclaimed aloud, "O Haroun, look upon us! it is for you we slaughter this victim. O Haroun, protect us and forgive us! O Haroun, be content with our good intentions, for it is but a lean goat! O Haroun, smooth our paths; and praise be to the Lord of all creatures!" This he repeated several times, after which he covered the blood that had fallen on the ground with a heap of stones; we then dressed the best part of the flesh for our supper, as expedi-

tiously as possible, for the guide was afraid of the fire being seen, and of its attracting hither some robbers. - - -

I had no great desire to see the tomb of Haroun, which stands on the summit of the mountain that was opposite to us, for I had been informed by several persons who had visited it, that it contained nothing worth seeing except a large coffin, like that of Osha in the vicinity of Szalt. My guide, moreover, insisted upon my speedy return, as he was to set out the same day with a small caravan for Maan; I therefore complied with his wishes, and we returned by the same road we had come. I regretted afterwards, that I had not visited Haroun's tomb, as I was told that there are several large and handsome sepulchres in the rock near it. - - In a room adjoining the apartment, in which is the tomb of Haroun, there are three copper vessels for the use of those who slaughter the victims at the tomb: one is very large, and destined for the boiling of the flesh of the slaughtered camel. Although there is at present no guardian at the tomb, yet the Arabs venerate the Sheikh too highly to rob him of any of his kitchen utensils. - - -

In comparing the testimonies of the authors cited in *Reland's Palestina*, it appears very probable that the ruins in Wady Mousa are those of the ancient Petra, and it is remarkable that Eusebius says the tomb of Aaron was shewn near Petra. Of this at least I am persuaded, from all the information I procured, that there is no other ruin between the extremities of the Dead sea and Red sea, of sufficient importance to answer to that city. Whether or not I have discovered the remains of the capital of Arabia Petraea, I leave to the decision of Greek scholars. - - -

Upon this subject the preface states, with every appearance of sound argument;

The country of the Nabatei, of which Petra was the chief town, is well characterized by Diodorus, as containing some fruitful spots, but as being for the greater part, desert and waterless. With equal accuracy, the combined information of Eratosthenes, Strabo, and Pliny, describes Petra as falling in a line, drawn from the head of the Arabian gulf (Suez) to Babylon,—as being at the distance of three or four days from Jericho, and of four or five from Phœnicia, which was a place now called Moyeleh, on the Nabatean coast, near the entrance of the Ælanitic gulf,—and as situated in a valley of about two miles in length surrounded with deserts, inclosed within precipices, and watered by a river. The latitude of 30° 20' ascribed by Ptolemy to Petra, agrees moreover very accurately with that which is the result of the geographical information of Burckhardt. The vestiges of opulence, and the apparent date of the architecture at Wady Mousa, are equally conformable with the remains of the history of Petra, found in Strabo, from whom it appears that previous to the reign of Augustus, or under the latter Ptolemies, a very large portion of the commerce of Arabia and India passed through Petra to the Mediterranean: and that armies of camels were required to convey the merchandise from Leuce Come, on the Red Sea, through Petra to Rhinocolura, now El Arish. But among the ancient authorities regarding Petra, none are more curious than those of Josephus, Eusebius, and Jerom, all persons well acquainted with these countries, and who agree in proving that the sepulchre of Aaron in Mount Hor, was near Petra. For hence, it seems

evident, that the present object of Musulman devotion, under the name of the tomb of Haroun, stands upon the same spot which has always been regarded as the burying-place of Aaron; and there remains little doubt, therefore, that the mountain to the west of Petra, is the Mount Hor of the Scriptures, Mousa being, perhaps, an Arabic corruption of Mosera, where Aaron is said to have died.

Soon after our traveller left this spot, he was fortunately enabled to join a caravan of Howeyat Arabs bound for Cairo, straight across the Desert; with whom he reached the place of his destination in safety in about ten days. This journey, whence we have copied so largely, is by far the most interesting division of the volume. The next journal is of a tour in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, in the spring of 1816.

The Wady Gharendel contains date trees, tamarisks, acacias of different species, and the thorny shrub Gharkad, the *Peganum retusum* of Forskal, which is extremely common in this peninsula, and is also met with in the sands of the Delta on the coast of the Mediterranean. Its small red berry, of the size of a grain of the pomegranate, is very juicy and refreshing, much resembling a ripe gooseberry in taste, but not so sweet. The Arabs are very fond of it, and I was told that in years when the shrub produces large crops, they make a conserve of the berries. The Gharkad, which from the colour of its fruit is also called by the Arabs Homra, delights in a sandy soil, and reaches its maturity in the height of summer when the ground is parched up, exciting an agreeable surprise in the traveller, at finding so juicy a berry produced in the driest soil and season. The bottom of the valley of Gharendel swarms with ticks, which are extremely distressing both to men and beasts, and on this account the caravans usually encamp on the sides of the hills which border the valley.

The tomb of a Sheikh called Szaleh, gives the name to a whole valley, and the author says—

The coffin of the Sheikh is deposited in a small rude stone building; and is surrounded by a thin partition of wood, hung with green cloth, upon which several prayers are embroidered. On the walls are suspended silk tassels, handkerchiefs, ostrich eggs, camel halters, bridles, &c. the offerings of the Bedouins who visit this tomb. I could not learn exactly the history of this Sheikh Szaleh: some said that he was the forefather of the tribe of Szowaleha; others, the great Moslem prophet Szaleh, sent to the tribe of Thamoud, and who is mentioned in the Koran; and others, again, that he was a local saint, which I believe to be the truth. Among the Bedouins, this tomb is the most revered spot in the peninsula, next to the mountain of Moses; they make frequent vows to kill a sheep in honour of the Sheikh should a wish'd-for event take place; and if this happens, the votary repairs to the tomb with his family and friends, and there passes a day of conviviality. Once in every year all the tribes of the Towara repair hither in pilgrimage, and remain encamped in the valley round the tomb for three days. Many sheep are then killed, camel races are run, and the whole night is passed in dancing and singing. The men and women are dressed in their best attire. The festival, which is the greatest among these people, usually



takes place in the latter part of June, when the Nile begins to rise in Egypt, and the plague subsides; and a caravan leaves Sinai immediately afterwards for Cairo. It is just at this period too that the dates ripen in the valleys of the lower chain of Sinai, and the pilgrimage to Sheikh Szaleh thus becomes the most remarkable period in the Bedouin year.

After staying a few days at the convent of Mount Sinai, Mr. Burckhardt set out with a guide for Akaba. On the Bay of Akaba Ayd (one of his Bedouin companions) told him that serpents

----- were very common in these parts; that the fishermen were much afraid of them, and extinguished their fires in the evening before they went to sleep, because the light was known to attract them. As serpents are so numerous on this side, they are probably not deficient towards the head of the gulf on its opposite shore, where it appears that the Israelites passed, when they journeyed from Mount Hor, by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom," and when the "Lord sent fiery serpents among the people."

The sea here is about twelve miles broad: The whole coast of the Eleanitic gulf, from Ras Abou Mohammed to Akaba, consists of a succession of bays separated from each other by head lands. The Ras Om Haye forms the eastern extremity of the mountain of Tyh, whose straight and regular ridge runs quite across the peninsula, and is easily distinguished from the surrounding mountains.

The following is a fine anecdote:

We halted at the end of five hours in a rocky valley at the foot of Ras Om Haye, where acacia trees and some grass grow. Ayd assured us that in the mountain, at some distance, was a reservoir of rain water, called Om Hadjydjein, but he could not answer for its containing water at this time. He described to Hamd its situation, and the way to it, with a view of persuading him to go and fetch some water for us; but his description was so confused, and I thought contradictory in several circumstances, and withal so pompous, that I concluded it to be all a story, and told him he was a babbler. "A babbler! (he exclaimed;) min Allah, no body in my whole life ever called me thus before. A babbler! I shall presently shew you, which of us two deserves that name." He then seized one of the large water skins, and barefooted as he was, began ascending the mountain, which was covered with loose and sharp stones. We soon lost sight of him, but saw him again, farther on, climbing up an almost perpendicular path. An hour and a half after, he returned by the same path, carrying on his bent back the skin full of water, which could not weigh less than one hundred pounds, and putting it down before

us, said, "There! take it from the babbler!" I was so overcome with shame, that I knew not how to apologize for my inconsiderate language; but when he saw that I really felt myself in the wrong, he was easily pacified, and said nothing more about it till night, when seeing me take a hearty draught of the water, and hearing me praise its sweetness, compared with the brackish water of the coast, he stopped me, and said, "Young man, for the future never call an old Bedouin a babbler."

The fishermen in these parts

----- are very poor, and visit the coast only during the summer months; they cure their fish with the salt which they collect on the southern part of the coast, and when they have thus prepared a sufficient quantity of fish, they fetch a camel and transport it to Tor or Suez. At Tor a camel's load of the fish, or about four hundred pounds, may be had for three dollars. The fishermen prepare also a sort of lard by cutting out the fat adhering to the fish and melting it, they then mix it with salt, preserve it in skins, and use it all the year round instead of butter, both for cookery and for anointing their bodies. Its taste is not disagreeable.

Owing to the want of a firmahn, though he approached very near Akaba, our traveller durst not venture among the Heywat, Omran, and Alowein Arabs, who surround it; and was reluctantly compelled to turn back, which he did, taking a more western route than the shore by which he had advanced. Here an adventure befel his party, which is thus described:

We now returned across the plain to the before-mentioned basalt cliffs, passed the different small bays, and turned up into Wady Mezeiryk. We had descended from our camels, which Szaleh was driving before him, about fifty paces in advance; I followed, and about the same distance behind me walked Hamd and Ayd. As we had seen nobody during the whole journey, and were now returning into the friendly districts of the Towara, we had ceased to entertain any fears from enemies, and were laughing at Ayd for recommending us to cross the valleys as quickly as possible. My gun was upon my camel, and I had just turned leisurely round an angle of the valley, when I heard Ayd cry out with all his might, "Get your arms! Here they are!" I immediately ran up to the camels, to take my gun, but the cowardly Szaleh, instead of stopping to assist his companions, made the camels gallop off at full speed up the valley. I, however, overtook them, and seized my gun, but before I could return to Hamd, I heard two shots fired, and Ayd's war-hoop, "Have at him! are we not Towara?" Immediately afterwards I saw Hamd spring round the angle, his eyes flashing with rage, his shirt sprinkled with blood, his gun in one hand, and in the other his knife covered with blood; his foot was bleeding, he had lost his turban, and his long black hair hung down over his shoulders. "I have done for him!" he exclaimed, as he wiped his knife; "but let us fly." "Not without Ayd," said I: "No indeed," he replied; "without him we should all be lost." We returned round the corner, and saw Ayd exerting his utmost agility to come up with us. At forty paces distance an Arab lay on the ground, and three others were standing over him. We

took hold of Ayd's arm and hastened to our camels, though we knew not where to find them. Szaleh had frightened them so greatly by striking them with his gun, that they went off at full-gallop, and it was half an hour before we reached them; one of them had burst its girths, and thrown off its saddle and load. We replaced the load, mounted Ayd, and hastened to pass the rocks of Djebel Sherafe. We then found ourselves in a more open country, less liable to be waylaid amongst rocks, and better able to defend ourselves. Hamd now told me that Ayd had first seen four Bedouins running down upon us; they had evidently intended to waylay us from behind the corner, but came a little too late. When he heard Ayd cry out, he had just time to strike fire and to light the match of his gun, when the boldest of the assailants approached within twenty paces of him and fired; the ball passed through his shirt; he returned the fire but missed his aim; while his opponent was coolly reloading his piece, before his companions had joined him, Ayd cried out to Hamd, to attack the robber with his knife, and advanced to his support with a short spear which he carried; Hamd drew his knife, rushed upon the adversary, and after receiving a wound in the foot, brought him to the ground, but left him immediately, on seeing his companions hastening to his relief. Ayd now said that if the man was killed, we should certainly be pursued, but that if he was only wounded the others would remain with him, and give up the pursuit. We travelled with all possible haste, not knowing whether more enemies might not be behind, or whether the encampment of the wounded man might not be in the vicinity, from whence his friends might collect to revenge his blood. - - -

If they had reached the spot where we were attacked two or three minutes sooner, and had been able to take aim at us from behind the rock, we must all have inevitably perished. That they intended to murder us, contrary to the usual practice of Bedouins, is easily accounted for: they knew from the situation of the place, where they discovered us, as well as from the dress and appearance of my guides, that they were Towara Bedouins; but though I was poorly dressed, they must have recognized me to be a townsman, and a townsman is always supposed by Bedouins to carry money with him. To rob us without resistance was impossible, their number being too small; or supposing this had succeeded, and any of the guides had escaped, they knew that they would sooner or later be obliged to restore the property taken, and to pay the fine of blood and wounds, because the Towara were then at peace with all their neighbours. For these reasons they had no doubt resolved to kill the whole party, as the only effectual mode of avoiding all disclosures as to the real perpetrators of the murder. I do not believe that such atrocities often occur in the eastern desert, among the great Aeneze tribe; at least I never heard of any; but these Heywat Arabs are notorious for their bad faith, and never hesitate to kill those who do not travel under the protection of their own people, or their well known friends. Scarcely any other Bedouin robbers would have fired till they had summoned us to give up our baggage, and had received a shot for answer.

This skirmish led to another change of

\* Numbers xxi. ver. 4, 6. The following passage of Deuteronomy (viii. 15) in giving a general description of this country, alludes to the serpents: "Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint. Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna," &c. Scorpions are numerous in all the adjacent parts of Palestine and the desert. The Author observes in a note in another place, that the Arabic translation of the Pentateuch has "serpents of burning bites," instead of "fiery serpents." Note of the Editor.

route, and, discharging Szaleh, Burckhardt engaged Ayd and Hamid to escort him along the coast to the Southward.

## MEMOIRS OF ARTEMİ.

We were diverted by his superstitious tales (in our last) from the course of our friend Artemi's life, into which we again fall *con amore*. His death having been reported at Wagarschapat, the unexpected appearance which he made at Ushakan on his way thither as he returned from drowning in the Ampert, produced no slight sensation. The first who saw him, an old acquaintance named Sarkis (Sergius,) mistook him for an apparition.

Several people sallied forth from their houses, and the breathless Sarkis called out to them: 'Look, there he is, look! All his comrades declared he was drowned in the Ampert; his mother has had the *panichion* sung and the funeral service performed for him, and now he appears here! But it is not he himself—it is his ghost. Certainly there must be a curse upon him so that he cannot rest!' With these words he pointed his gun to fire at me. No sooner had I heard this sage deduction, no sooner was I aware of the valiant resolution formed by Sarkis, than with all the haste I could, I assured him I was not dead, telling him how I had been saved, and where I had since been; after which, to produce more certain conviction, I repeatedly crossed myself and said one prayer after another, trembling all the while for fear Sarkis might nevertheless shoot me.

The neighbours being less frightened were capable of seeing more clearly, and forming a more sober judgment than he: and though they might themselves feel some doubt, they nevertheless told him that I could not be a spectre, because I prayed and crossed myself, which a spirit who was in the power of the devil could not do: besides I should not in this case have spoken to him, but seized him at once—'And then again,' continued they, 'look you, his feet are the right way.' I sought to approach them by degrees, so that they might see me better in the dusk, repeated my former assurance, and in confirmation of it renewed my prayers. The priest arrived: he advanced towards me to discover whether I was dead or living, and made the sign of the cross: I crossed myself too, went up to him and kissed his hand. Sarkis was at length convinced that I was not a visitor from the other world: he expressed his joy, embraced me, and led me into his house. His neighbours followed, for they had still some doubts, and wished to see whether I could eat; and they were not thoroughly satisfied till they saw me fall to with as keen an appetite as a living person, fatigued with travelling and very hungry, might be expected to do.

Between Ushakan and his native place there is a spot of singular tradition, thus described—

As soon as we had passed the bridge, we had to ascend a rocky hill of tolerable elevation. I observed in climbing it, on almost every side, stones of different dimensions piled pyramidally on one another. My fellow traveller told me to pick

up a stone and throw it on one of the heaps; he did so himself, pointing at the same time to an eminence on the right, where he said he would explain to me the reason of this practice, which was observed by all who ascended the mountain. On this eminence he showed me a cavern paved with stone, and large enough for one person, and by the side of it another, the natural height of which had been increased by art, so that I estimated it at fifteen *arschines*. In the latter lay a heap of human bones. My companion related that, about one hundred and fifty years ago, this cave was the residence of a man named David, who had the appearance of a hermit, and who was universally styled *Artar*, that is, the just, the righteous—a man who could not fail to go to Paradise. About this time a severe famine prevailed for upwards of three years, so that the people had already begun to eat all the animals otherwise reputed unclean. David, meanwhile, led a most exemplary life, and daily went to the convent to join in the devotions of the monks. At length it happened, that previously to the holy week (Easter) one of the servants of the convent was sent round, as usual, to the neighbouring villages, to collect eggs. As he was passing David's cave, the hermit invited him to enter and rest himself. The monk went in; the hermit pressed him to sit down, and presently stepped out himself, as if he had something or other to do. His visitor in the mean time looked round the cave, discovered the pit with human bones in it, conceived a suspicion of his host, but could devise no other expedient for his deliverance, than to write with charcoal upon the upper garment which David had left behind, these words: 'Release me from the cave—he devours men and will devour me.' The hermit had merely gone out for the purpose of looking round to satisfy himself that no person was near; he then quickly returned, seized the unfortunate monk, bound his hands and legs, gagged his mouth, and threw him into the pit. It was early in the morning; and luckily for his prisoner he went the same day to divine service at the convent. He had no scruple to leave his cave, for such was the veneration paid to him, that not a creature would have presumed to enter without his special invitation: but when it was observed in the church what was written on his back, he was secured, and people were immediately dispatched to search the cave. The messengers drew the poor monk out of the pit, brought him back to the convent, and reported what a quantity of human bones they had discovered. It was known that during the famine many persons had disappeared in an unaccountable manner, and it was even conjectured that they had been killed and eaten. All suspicion now fell naturally enough upon the hermit; and at the first examination, he confessed that the bones found in his cave had really belonged to such missing persons, whose flesh he had devoured; that in the daytime he had invited them to enter, and had caught them in the night by means of heaps of stones placed in the nearest and most frequented footpaths; for when the passengers stumbled upon these stones in the dark, he could easily distinguish, by their rattling, whether it was one person or more; if the former he went out to him, invited him to his cave with his usual hospitality, and in case the stranger refused the invitation, he sometimes killed him on the spot. After the

matter had been thoroughly investigated, he was tied to a horse's tail and dragged about, till, as the story goes, no part of him was left but the ears. From that time it has been customary for every passenger to add a stone to the heap.

Having passed the site of the quondam cannibal hermit in safety, our hero soon reached Wagarschapat, and satisfied his mourning relations that he was bona fide alive. The following family occurrence, which took place not long after, affords an insight into the peculiar customs of Armenia:—

"In the course of this winter (says Artemi,) my mother, after consulting me, resolved to marry my brother; he assented to the plan the more willingly, as he had already found means to save some money. We hoped, by extending our connexions, to deliver ourselves from our persecutors, as we should then have some protection; and with a view to ally ourselves with wealthy or respectable families, we determined not to choose for the bride a very young female, but one of maturer years. We made application accordingly, and the nuptials were soon solemnized. My brother's wife brought him for her portion half as much as he, agreeably to our custom, had been obliged to give to her parents. The expenses of the wedding were in some measure defrayed by the present in money which each guest made to the bridegroom, and which produced my brother about eighteen rubles.

According to our custom a new-married woman must not speak to any person in the house excepting her husband and servants. She has therefore to express herself by signs, and turns round immediately if a man or even a woman looks at her. She eats with her husband alone and not at the family table. This tyrannical custom retains its sway even after she has lain-in three or four times, nay, as I have known instances, after she has lived ten years with her husband. Four months, however, had not elapsed from my brother's marriage, when I began to be heartily weary of the mute conversation with my sister-in-law. Still more did I pity her, to whom this constraint could not fail to be equally irksome and vexations. I spoke therefore with my mother on the subject; and as her sentiments coincided with mine, I proposed to my brother to allow his wife to talk to us with her tongue and not with her hands and feet, and assured him of my willingness to teach her to read. Thus did we renounce a silly and barbarous practice, regardless of the ridicule and calumny with which we should be assailed in our town; for it could not well be kept secret—in short, our new relative conversed with us as freely as any other individual."

But mark the dangers of Reform: this departure from established usage was afterwards the cause of much trouble to Artemi, who was suspected and accused of teaching his brother's wife more than to talk and read. But we must not prematurely go to these important matters till we have accompanied our Biographer in a journey to Baisit, whither he went in June with a caravan. At the village of Plur, on his road, he contrived to make his learning useful—a rare thing, for it is seldom that talents bring their possessors so much good as a dinner; and as his mode of accomplishing this may serve as a model for distressed genius nearer home, we quote the account for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

\* My country-people believe in apparitions of deceased persons, but they have a notion that they differ from the living in having their feet reversed, that is, the heels before and the toes behind.—*Author*.

"I attended (he tells us) the service of vespers, and sung and read. When it was over I accosted the priest, and to find out what sort of man he was, I asked him several questions concerning the meaning of various texts of Scripture. As the generality of country priests are wholly incapable of explaining a text, so they rarely know where a passage one asks after is to be found. My poor priest of Plur, with a look of the most urgent entreaty, motioned me to drop my questions and rather go along with him. I complied, and he treated me to an excellent supper and wine. I passed the night with the caravan. My companions took occasion from my having sung in the church, to praise my learning, which they did with the greater warmth, owing to the high opinion they had previously conceived of it, partly from what they had heard in our village, and partly from the observations I had made during the journey; and they took it into their heads to spread a report that I was come in quest of a wife. The girls of the place in consequence cast stolen glances at me from beneath their veils, thinking no doubt to attract my notice. My thoughts however were occupied with a very different matter, and that was how to sponge as much as possible upon the priest."

This he seems to have done to his full satisfaction; and

"Next day at noon (he goes on to state) we pursued our journey, crossed several considerable eminences at the foot of Mount Ararat to its south side, where the plain of the Ararat terminates at the village of Archatsch, the environs of which yield excellent mill-stones. On one of the loftiest hills, called Chatsch-Gaiduk (cross-hill), I observed a large monument, and on inquiring of my fellow-traveller what it was, he related what follows:—"Some centuries ago a bishop of the convent of Etschmiazyn, returning from a journey to the monastery, stopped at Baisait to dine there with a friend: the latter, on sitting down to table, advised him to take a stick in his hand as the others did.—"Why so?" asked the bishop. "Because," replied his host, "the town has for some time past swarmed with serpents to such a degree that the inhabitants are not safe from them, even in their houses, and therefore every person carries a stick for the purpose of defending himself in case a serpent should make its appearance." The bishop, hearing this, rose from the table, fell on his knees and prayed to God, but so that none could hear the purport of his prayer. On rising from his knees, he assured all who were in the house, that so long as he should retain all his teeth in his head, no inhabitant of the town should be bitten by those venomous reptiles. When dinner was over, the bishop pursued his route, but he was scarcely out of the town before an extraordinary commotion took place there among the snakes, which issued from every hole and corner. The inhabitants were thrown into the utmost amazement and consternation by this phenomenon, and the pacha directed the public crier to inquire what had happened. He was informed that the good bishop had done, and what he had promised, and sent a horseman after him to bring back his head, which was cut off on the very spot where he was overtaken, and deposited in a leaden chest at the entrance of the pacha's residence, in order to preserve all his teeth in their places: but his body was buried, and with the approbation of the then patriarch, the pacha

erected, in memory of the bishop, this tomb, the appearance of which proves that it is some hundred years old."—He promised, on our arrival at Baisait, to show me the head of the bishop, and I determined to make strict inquiry into the truth of the story.

(To be continued.)

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WANSTEAD HOUSE: AGE OF ELIZABETH.

SIR,—The accompanying abstract of a paper which is contained in the works of one of the brightest ornaments of the Elizabethan age, Sir P. Sidney, may perhaps prove interesting, as his works are now scarce; and more particularly at this time, when *Wanstead House* is the subject of such general conversation.

I have altered the orthography, as being better suited to our tastes.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Lepton.

J. BYRN, Jun.

When *Wanstead House* was in the possession of the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth visited her favourite, and, as was the custom of that day, a sort of rural Drama was performed for her amusement in the gardens, which is thus described by Sir Philip Sidney:

"Her most excellent Majesty walking in *Wanstead Garden*, as she passed down into the grove, there came suddenly among the train one apparelled like an honest man's wife of the country, where, crying out for justice, and desiring all the lords and gentlemen to speak a good word for her, she was brought to the presence of her Majesty, to whom, upon her knees, she offered a supplication, and used this speech:

"Most fair lady, for as for other your titles of state, statelier persons shall give you, and thus much mine eyes are witness of; take here the complaint of me, poor wretch, as deeply plunged in misery as I wish to you the highest point of happiness."

The speech proceeds in the same strain, shewing that she has a daughter who was all in all to her; but that having arrived at the age when she would be likely to recompense all the pain and uneasiness she caused her parent, she was "troubled with that notable matter, which in the country we call Matrimony"—in fact, that the girl had two lovers who were at that moment pleading their cause. The speech concludes—"I dare stay here no longer, for our men say in the country the sight of you is infectious."

The supplicator had no sooner retired, than a noise proceeded from the wood, and six shepherds and others were perceived dragging the damsel, who is designated as the "Lady of the May," towards the Queen; amongst them was "Master Rombus, a schoolmaster of a village thereby, who being fully persuaded of his own learned wisdom, came thither with his authority to part their fray, where for answer he received many unlearned blows." They knew not "the estate of the Queen; yet something there was which made them startle aside and gaze upon her; till old Father Lalus stepped forth (one of the substantialst shepherds), and making a leg or two, said a few words" confirming the statement of the first speaker, "that a certain she creature, which shepherds called a woman, had disannulled the brains of two of their young men;" and calling upon the schoolmaster to give an explanation of the

whole affair, as Master Rombus could "much better vent the points of the tale."

"Then came forward Master Rombus, and with many special graces made this learned oration:—

"Now the thunder-thumping Jupiter transfund his dotes into your excellent formosity, which have with your resplendent beams thus segregated the enmity of these rural animals, I am *Potentissima Domina*, a schoolmaster; that is to say, a pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein (to my laud I say it) I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanted mansuetude nor correction; for so it is described—*Parcare subjectos et debellare superbos*." Yet not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of these plebeians, for, coming *solummodo* to have parted their sanguinolent fray, they yielded me no more reverence than if I had been some *pecorinus asinus*. I, even I, that am—who am I?—*Dixi verbus sapientio satum est*. But what said that Trojan *Aeneas*, when he sojourned in the surging sulkes of the sandiferous sea?—*Hec olim meminasse juvabit*. Well, well, *ad propositos reverteto*. The purity of the verity is, that a certain *pulchra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographical region, as the sovereign lady of this dame May's month hath been *quodammodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of young men, to whom the crafty coward Cupid had, inquam, delivered his dire dolorous dart."

He is here interrupted by the Lady of the May, who becomes impatient. After Rombus's pursuing his oration, he is again interrupted with this exorbitant flattery of the Queen from the Lady of May:

"Leave off, good Latin fool, and let me satisfy the long desire I have had to feed mine eyes with the only sight this age hath granted to the world."

She then informs her of the situation in which she is placed, as being Lady of the May, and having two suitors, whom she thus describes:

"Therion and Espilus have been long in love with me. The first is a forester, the latter a shepherd. I like them both, and love neither. Espilus is the richer, but Therion the livelier. Therion doth me many pleasures, as stealing me venison out of the forest, and many other such like pretty and prettier services; but wialth he grows to such rages, that sometimes he strikes me, sometimes he rails at me. This shepherd Espilus, of a mild disposition, as his fortune hath not been to do me great service, so hath he never done me any wrong; but feeding his sheep, sitting under some sweet bush, sometimes, they say, he records my name in doleful verses. Now the question I am to ask you, fair Lady, is, whether the many deserts and many faults of Therion, or the very small deserts and no faults of Espilus, be to be preferred. But before you give your judgment, Lady, you shall hear what each of them can say for themselves in their rural songs."

The song follows, in which they alternately quote qualifications on which they found their title to their mistress's regards.—The concluding couplet runs thus:

"*Espilus kneeling to the Queen.*

Judge you, to whom all beauty's force is lent.

*Therion.*

Judge you of love, to whom all love is bent."

\* We presume that the Pedagogue's Latin is intentionally bad.—Ed.



Her Majesty's judgment is, deferred some time by an altercation which takes place between the shepherds and foresters as to the respective abilities of the rivals, as poets. The chief speakers were Donas, an old shepherd, Rinus, a young forester, and Rom-bus, who came in as a moderator.

"This being said, it pleased Her Majesty to judge that Epilus did the better deserve her; but what words, what reasons she used for it, this paper, which carrieth so base names, is not worthy to contain."

Epilus sang a song, "tending to the greatness of his own joy, and yet to the comfort of the other side;" and "the music being fully ended, the May Lady took her leave in this sort:

"Lady, yourself, for other titles do rather diminish than add unto you, I and my little company must now leave you. I should do wrong to beseech you to take our follies well, since your bounty is such as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wish you good night, praying to God according to the title I possess, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, so henceforward the flourishing May may long remain in you and with you."

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It is stated that an Institution under this name and the sanction of Royal Patronage has been established. It is to be conducted by a Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen; with Dr. Crotch in the office of Principal. The avowed objects are the general cultivation of Musical Science, and the education of a certain number of Students. From the ability of the gentleman selected for its Professional Head, the liberality of the subscriptions already mentioned, the countenance of the Sovereign, and, no doubt, the hearty co-operation of all who love this delightful science; we anticipate a great and much needed improvement in our national standard as it regards this branch of the Fine Arts.

#### LITERATURE, ETC.

##### CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH.

We have lying before us a letter of this lamented individual, to a friend, dated Mousul, 8th December 1820; in which he states that his health not being in a remarkably good condition, was *finally* overturned by the extraordinarily hot summer of 1819, from the August of which year he began to decline most alarmingly both in body and spirits, so that he soon became incapable of sitting on his horse, or attending to business.—"My life (says this interesting letter) really was a burthen to me; the cold of the winter did not bring me its usual comforts, and the utmost I could do, after sundry remedies and exertions not worth recording, was to patch myself up sufficiently to begin some small excursions on a favourite project of surveying, which I extended into Courdistan." He describes the change of scene and air as having been quite efficacious, both with regard to himself and Mrs. Rich, who was equally indisposed, till their return to Mou-

sul in the end of October. Mr. Rich also speaks highly of the natives of Courdistan. "Indeed (adds he) I may almost say Astronomy kept me alive. I went through and even resided in some of the wildest parts of Courdistan, and nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality I received from these *worthy savages*, who are beyond comparison preferable to the Turks or Persians, and perhaps even your favourite Arabs, [the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed had travelled much among them.] I carried my researches as far as Sina and Banna, and cannot speak as much in favour of the subjects of Fet'h Ali Shah, all of whom seemed to me eminently distinguished for meanness and rapacity. Every where I observed with my sextant, and have enough to fill a tolerable Volume." After mentioning some private matters, our regretted countryman concludes—"I heartily wish I were done with these barbarous regions for ever! I am sick of the East, its sun, and its savages."

##### SIR C. HANBURY WILLIAMS'S WORKS.

In our review of this filthy publication, we naturally expressed our astonishment that any noblemen could have been party to its appearance, or not have interfered promptly to defeat its circulation under the sanction of their respectable names. We are now informed on unquestionable authority, that there was nothing exceptionable in the MSS. given by Lord Essex to Mr. Jeffery; and that the Duke of Bedford had no MSS. of Sir H. W.'s in his possession. All the obscene poems in the collection, we are assured, are taken from printed and published books, called Works of Sir H. Williams, &c.; and the dedication to Lord John Russell, was not only without his permission, but peremptorily ordered to be cancelled as soon as it was known. These facts certainly remove every shadow of censure from the noble persons alluded to. A bad use was made of Lord Essex's favours, in mingling them with the disgusting trash compiled from other sources; and as far as the Bedford family was concerned, there is nothing to answer for but the annoyance of meeting with any one so presumptuous and so lost to decency, as to dare inscribe so vile a production to the name of Russell.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### MUSIC.

"For Music keeps the key of memory.—*Croly*.

Oh yes, the sounds were sweet as those  
That die away at Evening's close,  
And gentle as the tones that fall  
From waters wildly musical.  
But Music is not dear to me,  
It wakes too much of memory;  
There is a spell in Music's sigh  
That breathes too much of days gone by.  
The silver tone, the sweet voiced shell,  
To me are sad as the forewell  
Of parting lovers: Music wakes  
The wildest throbs, and Music takes  
Each shape of fancy; but it brings  
To me the shades of lovely things

Past, and for ever,—hopes deferred,  
Or, like the song of the spring bird,  
Dying when sweetest. Music's sigh  
First taught me love's idolatry,  
Waked my young heart to find (too late)  
It might be left all desolate;  
To curse the dream-like life before,  
To love the once loved song no more;  
To know, hope, genius, spirit fled,  
Soul-sickness, feeling withered!—  
Rather be mine the heartless smile,  
A flower on the lava; while  
Beneath is flame and barrenness  
The colours do not glow the less.  
I bade my heart once be my world,  
And dreamed it could; but I was hurled  
From my enchanted pinnacle  
Of hope, of joy, of trust, to dwell  
Mid those stern truths which chilled that heart,  
And bade youth's fairy lights depart.  
And Music has to me a tone  
Sacred to thoughts, to feelings gone,  
When love was faith, or ere I knew  
Its altair frail, its sigh untrue—  
That it was like the hues that spring  
Upon the rainbow's wandering.  
But now those feelings cannot be,  
Their echo is too sad for me;  
For what can Music breathe me now?—  
The blighted hope, the broken vow!

##### STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF

If, on some bright and breezeless eve,  
When falls the ripe rose leaf by leaf,  
The moralizing Bard will heave  
A sigh that seems allied to grief,  
Shall I be blithe—shall I be mute—  
Nor shed the tear, nor pour the wail,  
When Death has blighted to its root  
The sweetest Flower of Malhamdale!

Her form was like the fair sun-stream  
That glances through the mists of noon—  
Ah! little thought we that its beam  
Should vanish from our glens so soon!  
Yet, when her eye had most of mirth,  
And when her cheek the least was pale,  
They talked of purer worlds than earth:—  
She could not stay in Malhamdale!

The placid depth of that dark eye,  
The wild-rose tint of that fair cheek,  
Will still awake the long-drawn sigh,  
While memory of the past shall speak.  
And we can never be but pained  
To think, when gazing on that vale,  
One angel more to Heaven is gained,  
But one is lost to Malhamdale!

I may not tell what dreams were mine,  
Dreams laid in bright futurity,  
When the full, soft, and partial shine  
Of that fair eye was turned on me.  
Enough—enough, the blooming wreath  
Of Love, and Hope, and Joy, is pale,  
And now its withering perfumes breathe  
On yon new grave in Malhamdale.

R. S. CRAVEN.

##### THE TEARS OF ERIN.

In the night of thy griefs, thy fast-rolling tears,  
Loved Erin, are dearer by far  
Than thy smiles in the light of thy former years,  
When glory encircled thy star.

As the gem that seemed pale in the face of day  
Shines forth with new lustre by night,  
So thy woes to the nations, loved Erin, display  
A splendour far purer, more bright!

## EPIGRAM

ON LORD CHESTERFIELD AND HIS SON.  
Vile Stanhope (demons blush to tell)  
In twice ten thousand places  
Had taught his Son the way to \*\*\*\*  
Escorted by the Graces.

But little did th' unduteous lad  
Concern himself about them;  
For, mean, degenerate, basely bad,  
He sneaked to \*\*\*\* without them.

## THE PARSON ASTONISHED.

A reverend Divine, as it is stated,  
Was Curate in a parish in this town,  
And one day, while at the grave's head  
Burying a man reported dead,  
A woman, seemingly much agitated,  
Plucked him most violently by the gown:

"Sir," says the woman, "I must speak with you."  
Says he, "That now you cannot do;  
Come to me when the funeral's done."  
"Sir, what I have to say is of importance."  
"Say on, then," says the parson, seeing no chance  
Of stopping her before her yarn was spun.

"Your conduct, Sir, is much too bad, it  
Is, upon my honour, (here she cried,)  
To bury one, who of the small pox died,  
Next to my husband, Sir, who never had it!"  
Great College Street. FLIPPETGIBBET.

\* This circumstance actually occurred in Germany.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF REINDEER  
INTO THIS COUNTRY.

Some deer from Lapland, Bullock brings,  
And says "they may be train'd here."  
If so, they will so much abound,  
The folks will swear they're rain'd here.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,  
AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.  
By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. III.

## CALEB WHITEFOORD AND THE THRUM MOP.

"Of all the wits I ever knew, the most  
impudent dog, who really was not an impudent dog, was this said master Caleb Whitefoord," observed one of his oldest cronies, whom I lately met taking his forenoon-hobble, as he termed it, round the basin at Constitution Hill,—"tis but a step from his house in Clarges-street.

"It is not uncommon, look you, mister Harcastle," said he, "to meet with a man of a certain bulk, who carries a portly corporation, who wears a jocular, round, rosy face, particularly if he have a light brow, and white lashes to his eye: It is not uncommon with such a one, to say all what he thinks—and to be tolerated for all what he says—aye! even in good society—and by the very ladies too, yea! even by pretty misses, not yet come out. Perhaps the highest, the most finished order of this Monus-like being, was my honored friend the old Lord Guilford.—Sir, he was unique—he was delectable. But—a wight thin as you—or I, friend Ephraim, take the world as it was, though he were droll as Scarron, easy as *La Fontaine*, and witty as *Cervantes*, would he dare to trespass o'er the verge of decorum by innuendo, inference, little playfulness or what not, and escape? no Sir! no more than if he opened the side-board drawer, and

pocketed the silver forks; no, Sir! a man must look a Falstaff! have a double chin and a laughing eye! It is only on the outer covering—the *funny-fat*, that good breeding, touching such liberties, consents to hang the badge of license."

"Yet, spite of this necessity for bulk to cover saucy wit,—Caleb, no fatter than a half-starved stote, and visaged sharp as a 'prick-eared cur of Iceland,' said as he thought, and did what he pleased, the merry wag—made others fat, the rogue, with laughter, and laughed his own flesh away. Faith I remember *Lib*—for so we dubbed him, we were at school together; yes! I remember *Lib* making the master laugh and drop the strap, and once—O what a joyous day was that!—so little things of early days chase present thoughts, big with events, away! Aye—I have this day, odd enough, finished my eightieth year—and laugh—laugh—laughed, he—he—ha—ha—ha—at a frolic of his that happened before King George was king,—ha, ha,—he—he—he! wiping a tear of mirth from one eye, and one of affection from the other—which, worthy man, was almost dark. Yes! the audacious dog—I think I see him now, with his lively grey eye fixed on old scare-truant all askance, uttering his playful grumblings, till the good preceptor laughed ready to burst his sides. He—he—ha—ha—ha! Didst never hear me tell it, Harcastle? 'twas all about a new *thrum mop*,"—and then the old gentleman mopped his eyes again.

Our story was broken off suddenly, for it began to spit with rain, in sympathy perhaps with us two garrulous old men, for verily I laughed too until I cried.—We spread our umbrellas, gave each other the good morrow, and went our respective ways. Mercy! how old acquaintances drop off!—He too, I hear, has since knocked at that dread door, which, once entered, is closed upon you for ever! I had heard the tale before; and odd enough, by way of coincidence, for though losing it now from the lips of the original relator, through a sprinkling of rain, I had previously got it second-hand by favour of a thunder-shower, and that many years ago, under the shelter of Vanhagen's shop, facing the north-gate of St. Paul's.

This Vanhagen, who you know, was the famous fat pastry-cook, who a long while kept the confectioners on that spot, where perchance you, courteous reader, have taken ice, and may again, if ice again appears! He, this said old Van, was a great joker in his way—and it was only last week when hunting for something 'very remote to *he*,' that I found the caricature of the hero of the rolling-pin, under the title of the *Soldier tired of War's Alarms*! He had held a commission in the *Train Bands*—a corps, for why I cannot bring to mind, that was the everlasting butt whereat for wit and ridicule to aim the shaft.

The story then was this—since I am in a story-telling mood—grant me thy patience, reader—then, and it be thy pleasure, we will return to Hampstead, and have a further cose at the Bull and Bush.

Caleb's schoolmaster was a humourist, and purchased all his rods, like old John Dick of Covent Garden, at a pickle-shop hard by—and in the shape and make of new birch brooms. This is a fact; and so have I heard did Thomas Dilworth, hight of Deptford, the Schoolmaster so far famed! From these infernal brooms, worse than old witches crossed, they used to cull your long and

springy birch, of which they fabricated such rods as made your culprits tremble.

Old Dick returned his sticks, as we do bottles when we recruit our stock of wine, and had allowance. Dilworth, I'm told, had a garden; thither he consigned his sticks to train the scarlet-beans. But Caleb's Schoolmaster, loyal soul! reserved his broom-sticks for the Fifth of November, and gave them, all fastened together with a thong, a notable bundle, like the Roman lictors' fasces, to help to burn, in ragged miserable effigy, old Gny, and his papa, no better clad, the Pope of Rome!

There was a custom, horrible to tell! in Scotland, once, when blood was to be spilled, to bring to the festive board a *raw bull's head*, and set it in a dish before the wretched victim who was doomed to die!

Scarcely less scared was he, the youth at Caleb's school, who having truant played or orchard robbed, when he beheld brought in a bran-span new birch-broom!

When things went very wrong, sometimes the potent monarch of the school would send the culprits one by one to the dark repository, to fetch each a broom, from which he was commanded to tear out the knotty sprigs, and bind up his own instrument of punishment. 'Fetch me that thing,' quoth he (for the old gentleman at these awful times would speak in parables)—'Fetch me that foul instrument,' quoth he, 'which servants use to sweep and clean corruption quite away from human sight, and each of you shall bind a rod, in presence of our majesty, such as your conscience shall suit unto the measure of your crimes.'

It happened that the stock was just exhausted. To make the matter still more solemn, he caused each culprit to send a written order to the pickle-shop, and seal it with black wax, and wait without until the messenger returned. Then each was marshalled by loud command, and ordered to come forth bearing the ensign of disgrace. Eight unhappy wights crawled in, with downcast looks, each with a broom. Caleb brought up the rear, shouldering a new *thrum mop*, looking as bold as brass; he was the youngest of the group.

'What's this I do behold?' quoth the Schoolmaster, staring with surprise—'is it thus you dare mock me, urchin!'

'No, Sir,' said Caleb, standing with his broom as soldiers were wont to rest a pike, the other arm resting on his hip, 'I take you at your word, and chuse my rod from this, such as my conscience measures to my crime, quoting at the same time without altering a muscle of his roguish face—' now, your majesty, clean corruption quite away from human sight, and give us a good thrumming!'

'Where is your besom, Sir?' said the Schoolmaster, struggling to keep his countenance:

'I trucked it with a wight for this thrum mop,' patting its woolly head, 'and it has a charm to hold us harmless.'

It was a magical charm, indeed! for the worthy Schoolmaster laughed so heartily, so out of all decency in fact, that the Ushers politically begged a half holiday for the whole school, to save his majesty's reputation, and thus they escaped a thrumming!

Caleb's ready wit, which began thus early, and continued so late, prompted him to take due advantage of his master's dramatic humour, and instead of sending for a birch-broom, he wrote an order for a *best thrum*

map, and desired it, at a venture, to be put down to the *separate account of mistresses.*

'I verily believe,' said George Stevens, who told me this in Vanhagen's shop, and we all know what a curious nose he had for hunting out derivations—'I do verily believe we may here trace the origin of the common threat, *I will give you a good THURMUNG!*'

Yet this has escaped the research of Johnson's daily hunt, and even the inquisitive nocturnal lamp, otherwise *lucubrations*, of the learned and right worthy chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But Lexicography, like other mental pursuits, like memory to-wit, routs out things remote, when things present staring us in the face cannot be laid hold of. So the butcher, dreaming of love perhaps, as he was skinning a lamb, called out for a light, when, *mirabile dictu*, a short six was blazing and guttering in the front of his hat!

So much for Caleb's *thrum-mop*. But this is nothing to his tale of HURLO-THURMBO, which made such a special noise some thirty-five years ago, which I would relate with all my heart, only that at this rate we shall never get back to Hampstead.

He was a choice fellow, that wight who told his story of a GUN,—who, though he had worked it as hatters o'er a trough work at a felt; namely, up to a point, then down again into a hole, then round about, like a maze, in and out, in all manner of shapes, until it had become intolerable and of no shape at all, and yet contrived to tell it still.

Once, some stranger was bidden to this story teller's board, for he was hospitable; when, ere they took their seats, one and then another old crony of the maker of the feast, whispered in the stranger's ear—Do not, as you love your life, drop a word of racing—hunting—fishing—nor of shooting above all, or you will be bored to death by our worthy host with a story of a gun, 't will last all night! 'Shoot me if I do,' replied the stranger; 'for as the honest German said to King George—Long stories, and blease your majesty, is my antipathy!'

Guarded the stranger was, and so were all. Long went the bottle round; the song, the joke, the pun and repartee; but not a word of horn or hound, of fishing rod, of powder, shot, or aught that led to poignard, dagger, sword or spear—or GUN.

'Wherever there's a will, there's a way.' So says the old adage.—'Hark!' exclaimed the host. 'Hark at what?' said his old friends. 'There again! Did you not hear a gun go off?' 'Pshaw!' said one. 'Pho! pho!' said another. 'Nonsense!' cried a third, and the matter seemed at rest.

'But perhaps you might have heard it Sir?' quoth he to the stranger, with a look that seemed to beg acquiescence. 'Not I, Sir—no, Sir—upon my soul!' 'That's strange!' replied the worthy host, not a whit discomfited; so laying his hand kindly on his arm, he lighted another pipe and began—but since we are upon the subject—I WILL TELL YOU A STORY OF A GUN!

But what was that, compared to HURLO THURMBO!

In Carlton-house there is a picture, I think it is by Charles Le-Seur. It is not counted a first-rate, touching colour and effect—but for expression, and that's something, it is verily a master-piece.

A mother in a humble cot is sitting with two children, one a mere baby lying in her lap, the sweet rose of slumber tinting it's

infant cheek; the other a fine chubby boy, with rosy health boldly painted on his, who, spell-bound, unhappy little rogue, listlessly swings on the back of her chair.

Though not so classic in design as *Caracci's* famed composition, yet it is pure artless nature, and worthy the same appropriate title, SILENCE!

She is holding her finger to her mouth, and whispering that persecuting word to her restless romping boy—HUSH! who has a tempting whistle in his hand, which seeks conjunction with his pouting lips.

Not stronger is the urchin's wayward will to blow his penny-pipe, than mine to tell the tale of HURLO-THURMBO. Would I could put it to the vote—one casting voice of *yea!* against minority in *nay!* and, as the gossips say, 'Then I would up and tell.' But, no! the Fates will have it so! that men shall write by rule—no digressions, beyond the little gaps that here and there upon the road to rhetoric afford a peep of what's-a-tother side the hedge. So,—

"Here's gang up the hill agen,  
'To ken their bonny faces."

#### CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

AN affecting appeal in behalf of the Monks of the Hospital of the Convent of St. Bernard has been made to the benevolence of Europe; and though the present, when domestic distress so irresistibly presses for relief, is perhaps not a very auspicious period to urge foreign claims to commiseration in England, we feel it to be a duty to state the case of the Monks of St. Bernard, whose devotedness to works of charity so strongly recommends them for the exercise of that virtue in their own behalf. It is stated by Professor Pictet of Basle, that these *Religious* are liable to incurable rheumatisms and agues, in consequence of their exertions in succouring travellers, and, especially, of the coldness and humidity of their residence. To these diseases their lives, after a few years of pain and sorrow, are sacrificed.

The interior construction of the Hospital, and the rigour of the climate, are the causes of this affliction; and the proposal circulated is for a subscription sufficient to alleviate the evil, by supplying the edifice with a scientific apparatus to fill it with caloric and warmth. The temperature thus corrected, would be most conducive to the health of those who annually distribute from thirty to thirty-five thousand rations of food to travellers of every country and condition. Their own funds are totally inadequate to meet the necessary expense; and, impressed with their services to humanity, contrasted with their melancholy lot, a Professor of the Russian University of Dorpat, last year published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, an invitation to the philanthropists of all nations to contribute to their succour. A considerable amount has in consequence been subscribed; but still insufficient for the purpose contemplated, and for the absolutely necessary repairs of the Convent, which is falling into ruins.

In aid of this good design we insert this notice. The christian lives, the active usefulness, and the intrepid benevolence of

these self-devoted men, are too well-known and too highly appreciated to require that we should blazon them as pleas in their favour. We shall only add, for the information of those who have a mite to spare, that Messrs. Wright, Bankers in Henrietta Street, can receive and apply their charity.

#### THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The supply of novelties, so superabundant at the opening of the Haymarket, has ceased; and the pieces which have passed trial are now nightly repeated in various combinations. *Pigeons and Crows* came to life again on Tuesday, and is the most amusing entertainment on the list; throwing Peter Fin into the obscure and background of dullness. Indeed this said Peter is but an indifferent thing; a translation from the Voyage a Dieppe with an underplot omitted. Liston's rich comique humour alone sustains it, and he has no opportunity of displaying a tithe so much drollery in the part as in Sir Peter Pigwiggen, where he has the further advantage of being admirably played to by Jones and Mrs. Chat-terley.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Clara Fisher continues to astonish the Natives by her extraordinary performances. She has played Isaac in the Duenna, and Little Pickle in the Spoiled Child! Criticism could hardly be employed on these representations, and when we have repeated that they are altogether wonderful, we have said all that the subject requires. Were her talents not so peculiar and great, she ought nevertheless to be seen as a curious precocity. Were we disposed to reason upon her acting, it would be to the depreciation of the histrionic art; for when we see that a child can be taught so much, we are disposed to esteem less highly the merits of mature performers—to think that imitation and trick may constitute popular eminence, and that mind is less necessary to the profession than we wish to believe it is, and than it certainly is in the most exalted range of characters.

The Opera of Love in a Village presented a new Rosetta on Wednesday. Her name is said to be Lankishire, and she is a pupil of Mr. Welsh. Her debut was well received; she is well instructed, manages her voice well; indulges in abrupt movements and too many ornaments, but altogether gives promise of being a pleasing singer. Mr. Pearman resumed his musical duties, and, as usual, sang agreeably. Broadhurst adds to the treat of sweet sounds by introducing the Irish Melodies, to which, as to the Scotch Airs, he does much justice.

DRAMATIC NEWS.—The performance of plays at Paris by an English Company, is likely to be carried into effect. Mr. Penley, who has tried a similar experiment successfully, at Boulogne, Brussels, Calais, &c. is the projector of this plan, and, we hear, is patronized by the British Ambassador at the French Court. Dowton, Knight, and Miss M. Tree, are already engaged; and ne-



gociations are pending with others, among whom Mr. Charles Kemble and Oxberry are named. The Theatre is expected to open in August.

We are sorry to hear that besides Liston, the secessions from Covent Garden next season include Mr. Young and Miss Stephens. The latter, it is reported, retires on a point of punctilio. Mr. Macready, after some discussions, remains.

Mr. Dildin has engaged to take the management of Drury Lane Theatre; it could hardly be in better hands. The same gentleman has a Comedy forthcoming at the Haymarket, embracing all the strength of the Company; Terry, Jones, Liston, &c. The first-mentioned is, it is whispered, to have a Scotch character,—a novelty on our modern stage.

Vestris has accommodated her differences with the Managers, and is again announced in the play-bills, having recovered from her severe indisposition.

Terry's Piece on the Fortunes of Nigel seems to be in abeyance. The Novel has in the meantime been very cleverly dramatized and cast at the Surrey Theatre.

#### VARIETIES.

The Newspapers state that GOOOL. was received at the door of the Royal Academy during the late Exhibition.

The Irish people have got a report that Sir Walter Scott is about to visit their country on a *tour of observation*. There are (says a Correspondent of ours) "ample and untouched materials before him. . . No country," he adds, "has such a history for the choice of such a novelist. The attempt of Perkin Warbeck; the different wars between the natives and the English invaders; the reign of Elizabeth, in which Spencer, Raleigh, and Essex adorned its from that time classical shores; the Grand Rebellion of 1641, and more especially the period of the Revolution of 1688—all present a noble field on which to exercise the highest powers."

Lord Byron's Works, in French (the complete edition,) consist of five vols. 8vo. with 27 vignettes, copied from Westall, and the price 37s. 6d. They are printed in the best manner, and have reached a fourth edition, though only a part of that has yet appeared. Cain has not been put into French dress.

The complete and inedited Works of Millevoye are also in progress: the first book has been published.

We hear nothing more of Werner. Great caution is now used in concocting the effusions of the Pisan Muse; and Byron is at least preserved from anticipatory brown-paper piracy.

Gerard has finished a fine picture of the Duchess of Berri.

M. Leschenault de Latour, a naturalist employed by the King of France, has returned to Paris from India, where he has been on a scientific mission since 1816, and visited not only the Peninsula, but the provinces of Bengal and Island of Ceylon. His researches are stated to have been productive of interesting results.

*French Literature.*—A very interesting work (say the French Journals) has just been published by M. Keratry, under the title of "*Du Beau dans les Arts d'Imitation*," in 2 vols. 8vo. M. Keratry gives a rapid historical sketch of the Beautiful; and, passing through the revolutions of taste, is led by the facts to the great question of the Arts, "Is there a Beautiful?" (or rather a standard of beauty?) He opposes the opinions of Burke; and on the question of the *Beau idéal*, his conclusion is, that accurate imitation of beautiful nature is the only beautiful (Beau,) and that there is no *beau idéal*.

In the year 1738, several members of the Academy of Sciences made experiments to determine the velocity with which Sound is propagated. They found that between Montmartre and Monthery, on a line of 29,000 metres (about 14,879 toises, or about 30,000 yards,) this velocity was 337 metres (173 toises) per second. The signal was made by discharging a cannon. These experiments were repeated on the night of the 21st June, by some members of the Bureau of Longitude, and officers of the artillery, under the direction of M. Humboldt, to whom we are indebted for very curious observations of this kind, made during his travels in Spanish America. Taking into account the difference of temperature, it is said that the result of the new experiment differs very little from that of the ancient ones.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for June.*—1. M. Heurne de Pommeuse. *Des canaux navigables*; reviewed by M. Tessier. —2. M. A. Remusat. *Elements de la Grammaire Chinoise*; by M. Silvestre de Sacy. —3. Huleoy. *Odes d'Horace*; by M. Raynouard. —4. M.M. Puvet et Parent. *Sur la rivière de Bièvre*; by M. A. Remusat. —5. Sir H. Davy. *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*; 3d Article, by M. Chevreul. —6. M. F. Caillaud. *Voyage à l'Oasis de Thèbes, &c.*; by M. Raoul Rochette.

It is said that a certain patriotic Irish nobleman having had occasion to come to England some months ago, brought with him his lady and infant son. In order, however, that the baby might not be contaminated by any thing English, he caused it to be fed with milk from an Irish cow fed on Irish hay, and bread made of Irish flour, baked with Irish hands, &c. &c. &c.

*IRISH AND ENGLISH BULLS.*—We thank the friend who has sent us the "*Enniskillen Chronicle and Erne Packet*" of June 27 and July 4, to show us, we presume, to how bitter a controversy the Literary Gazette has given rise by mentioning an Irish Bull. Now, we like Irish Bulls, and we don't dislike those who make them; though *Ullonius*, our accuser, charges us with partaking of the "*usual liberality* that pervades the whole English mind, from Lord Liverpool" downwards. In our last Number we discovered a Bull by an English Duke; and to show Ullonius that it is the love of the thing itself, and not a national prejudice, we shall here copy his instances of Bulls (though rather trite and well known)

not by natives of Ireland. In "Nathan Bailey's Universal Etymological English Dictionary, article *Medlor*, is the following scientific definition, "a fruit, which is grateful to the stomach, but it is not ripe till it be rotten." Again, the derivation of the word *Lungs* is thus given: derived from *lun*. Sax. *empty*, they being FILLED with NOTHING but wind. Littleton, author of the Classical Latin Dictionary, gives us under the word *Specularia*, "*Glass Windows* made of fine transparent Stone, like *Isingglass*." The Colossus of Lexicographers, Samuel Johnson, is as deep in the mire. Turn to his "*Journey to the Western Islands*," edition 12mo. printed in Edinburgh (1811), and at page 58, where he is describing the winter of the Hebrides, he expresses himself thus,—"*the inlets of the sea which 'shoot very far into the island, never have 'any ice upon them, and the pools of fresh 'water will never bear the walker.'*" Turn also to p. 77 of the same book, and the following inexcusable Bull occurs:—"Macleod 'choked them with smoke, and left them 'lying dead by families as they stood." At page 123 we have another specimen:—"This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local." If a single alleged specimen of a Bull justify an attack on an individual, and thro' him on a whole nation (adds our incensed Hibernian), what may be retorted on Bailey and Littleton, and the thrice guilty Samuel Johnson?"

The answer would be, That they had all committed blunders in expressing their ideas; and that nothing but a judgment rather rotten than ripe, an empty head filled with nothing but wind, a speculation as dim as glass eyes made of stone, and the consequent faculty of seeing things out of sight, could ever fancy that any attack upon a nation was meant by pointing out the amusing errors!

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JULY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	11 from 51 to 72	29.62 to 29.59
Friday	12 from 51 to 68	29.39 to 29.59
Saturday	13 from 50 to 71	29.83 to 29.93
Sunday	14 from 41 to 72	29.99 to 29.97
Monday	15 from 44 to 65	29.95 to 29.86
Tuesday	16 from 51 to 69	29.78 to 29.71
Wed.	17 from 50 to 65	29.87 to 29.67

A Westerly wind prevailed till Saturday; from that time till Wednesday N. and NE.; when it again changed to the westward.—Clouds generally passing; heavy rain on Tuesday evening. On Sunday clear.—Rain fallen .775 of an inch.

On Tuesday 23d, at 35' 10" past One in the morning, Jupiter's 1st Satellite will immerse into an Eclipse.

*Errata.*—In the first note on the Paper upon the Statue to the Duke of Wellington, (see our last No.) for *nude read nude*—"the nude figure of Achilles."

In the 2d Inscription, for George III. read George IIII.

[Owing to the lower limbs of the Statue in Hyde Park having been covered for the workmen to fix it in the plinth, we could not have a Drawing sufficiently accurate made for an Engraving in this Number. One shall be given in our next, accompanied by a critical examination of the Monument, and a notice of the ribald attacks upon it.]

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. A.'s productions do credit to her years; but though friendly to juvenile talent, we cannot give these specimens a place.—G.'s lines are not among the pieces marked for insertion.

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